La Cosa Nostroid™

From the Underworld of Scud the Disposable Assassin™

IX

$2.95 US
$3.95 CAN

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PRESENTS A BOOK BY Dan Harmon

La Cosa Nostroid

From the Underworld of Sound: The Disposable Assassin

IX

Suggested Voice Talent
(in order of appearance)

ALICE — Janeane Garofalo
HUGE LUCCI — Mike Tyson
JOE — John Turturro
DOGHOUSE — Robert Loggia
TONY TASTEY — Johnny Depp

TONY'S MOM — Fran Drescher
GAY DAVE — Tim Robbins
FAX — Matt Frewer

DEDICATED TO
BOB GOLDTHWAIT

La Cosa Nostroid
Created by
DAN HARMON
& ROB SCHRAB
written by DAN HARMON
directed (illustrated) by ROB SCHRAB
produced by PETER J. ALBERTI
executive producer ROB SCHRAB
Cover by EDVIS
Cover assistant ZAC RUBACH
graphic design PRODUCTIONS
NIGHT MEDIA

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ALRIGHT. LET'S PICK UP WHERE WE LEFT OFF.

TICKETS

GATE 3

TICKETS

HOW YA DOIN', HUGE LUCCI?

COME ON, FOREHEAD. DID YOU RECORD EVERY SECOND OF YOUR WASTED LIFE?

TICKETS

GATE 3

TICKETS

YOU GOING BACK TO NEW YORK?

YEAH.

YOU SHOULD CANCEL YOUR PLANS. TONY'S HAVING A PARTY TONIGHT. YOU FUCKED UP, LUCCI. REAL BAD.

YOU BACKED THE WRONG HORSE.

FOREHEAD, I GOTTA TAKE CARE OF SOMETHING.

FREEZE!

FOLLOW MY FINGER AND ZOOM!!

7029GO X
7520014 Y
3310202 Z

571.340
278.731

MATCH SYMMETRY, RENDER ROTATION.

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO AM I?

VOICE COMMAND UNRECOGNIZED.

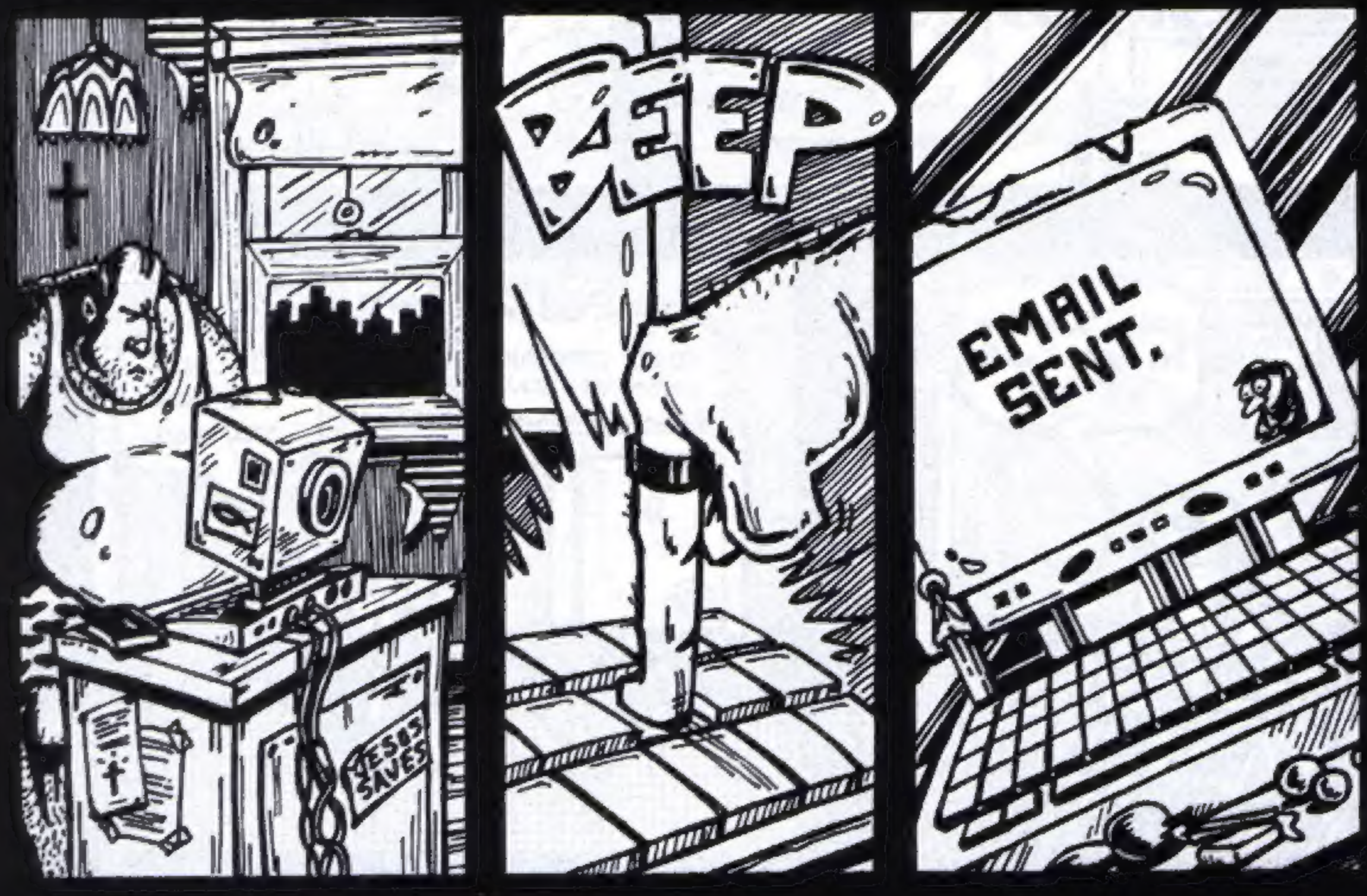
I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU.

Untitled - Windows 25

File Edit Search Help

SUBJECT: TONY TASTEY IS THE ANTECHRIST
DATE: 3-3-26
TO: BULLETIN@NYC.PUB
FROM: [ENCRYPTED ID#]

New York is testing ground for his empire. Tony Tastey does controls 38% of the world's software DEVILopment. Tony Tastey does controls the stock markets. The numerical values of the Hebrew equivelance of the letters in ANTHONY TASTEY does averages out to 16.66. The number of the beast is 666, THE BIBLE TELLS US TO BE BEWARING OF THIS MAN. Tony Tastey has miraclously recovered from a fatal wound to the head. Tony Tastey does asks us to worship the computer and the robot- THE COMPUTER is the seven headed DRAGON (seven public sattelite servers), THE ROBOT is the beast and TONY TASTEY is it's BASTARD SON. He will be branding us and will DAMN us. TONY TASTEY IS THE ANTECHRIST!!! He say we should put computerized chips inside all criminals and that will keep track of them, well what is a criminal in the eyes of TONY TASTEY? How long before your children will be criminals? Before we all are criminals? Our God is a FORGIVING God. Show Him you love Him by RESISTING TONY TASTEY. Vote "No" on proposition 9. Vote "No" on proposition 10. Vote "No" on proposition 11 and



SAND-WHIZ!

FWAP!

MUNCH

SNAP!

CLICK

YOU, [BLEEP] [BLEEP]!

[BLEEP]! YOU STUPID, [BLEEP]!

CRASH!

NYPD

VOOF!

YOU ARE ON PROBATION. YOU HAVE WAVED ALL PRE-EXISTING RIGHTS. YOU ARE A REGISTERED CRIMINAL AND YOUR WHEREABOUTS ARE NOW A MATTER OF PUBLIC RECORD.

PLUS, YOU'RE A SHITTY SPELLER.

YOU CAN'T READ PEOPLE'S MAIL. IT'S NOT RIGHT.

YOU'RE A FIRST TIME OFFENDER. EVER HEARD THE NAME MERENDINO?

YEAH.

NO!

THEN DON'T FUCK UP TWICE.

WANT TO MEET HIM?

CLUB FLAMINGO

NYPD

NYPD

NYPD

CLUB FLAMINGO

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

HEART OF GOLD

NYPD

SNIKT

VOOM

NYPD

BRAKKA
BRA
NYPD
BRAKKA

ZHK

CRACK

SWAP

ZEEEEEE

SNATCH
NYPD

SLAM

NYPD

K-TING TA-TING TING

FSSSS

FWOOSH

UUUNHG

TING TING

THIS IS A FANTASTIC PARTY, TONE. GOOD JOB.

DON'T THANK ME, THANK KELLY.

SMACK

MM

THIS IS ONLY A YEAR AGO. WHY WOULD HE LIE ABOUT WHEN HE MET ME?

OH! TONY, LOOK WHO'S HERE!

HEY, BROTHER.

HIM AGAIN.

TONY THIS IS ALICE.

ALICE. IT IS A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.

ALRIGHT, KNOCK IT OFF, SHE CAME WITH ME.

ZERO CRIME. ZERO UNEMPLOYMENT. ZERO HOMELESSNESS. ZERO, ZERO, ZERO. EVEN THE FUCKING TRAFFIC IS RUNNING SMOOTHLY. I DID IT.

IT'S EASY WHEN YOU KILL EVERYONE THAT DISAGREES WITH YOU.

YOU GOT A PROBLEM WITH THAT?

YOU MEAN, DO I DISAGREE?

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

SO, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I JUST WANTED TO TALK TO YOU, YOU KNOW?

YOU WANT MONEY? I'LL HAVE THE A.I. MAKE MORE MONEY. YOU CAN HAVE AS MUCH AS YOU WANT.

...WHEN I WAS A LITTLE KID, LIKE, BEFORE THE TURN OF THE FUCKING CENTURY... THERE WAS THIS GUY NAMED RUSSEL FORD. FUCKIN' RAT. HE WAS A SAFETY CADET, HE SAT ON THE FRONT STEPS OF THE SCHOOL.

UH-HUH.

IF HE CAUGHT YOU RUNNING UP THE STAIRS, HE'D MAKE YOU GO BACK AND WALK 'EM OVER.

UH-HUH.

ONE DAY I JUST SNAPPED ON THE BIG FUCKER. HE TOLD ME TO WALK THE STAIRS OVER AND EVERY-THING TURNED RED, AND I ALMOST KILLED HIM. CHOKED HIM WITH HIS FAGGY ORANGE CADET BELT.

I LOVE IT. "GENESIS OF A WISEGUY," RIGHT?

I'D LIKE TO RETIRE.

WHAT?

YOU DON'T NEED GUYS LIKE ME ANYMORE. AND I FEEL LIKE IF THE GUYS FROM THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD SAW ME INJECT-TING FAT HACKS WITH TRACKING CHIPS—

-THOSE "GUYS" ARE ALL DEAD, DOGHOUSE. WE KILLED THEM. TOGETHER. WE HAD FUN, REMEMBER?

FUN'S OVER, NOW. THIS IS TWO WEEKS NOTICE, IF THAT'S OKAY.

I WANT YOU TO GO THROUGH THAT CAPTURED ROBOT'S SYSTEM FILES. STUDY EVERY BYTE THAT DOESN'T MATCH UP WITH RAMSTAR'S.

WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING TO DO WITH JOE'S GIRLFRIEND?

THAT'S TWO WARNINGS.

THIS ISN'T LIKE YOU, MAN, I KNOW YOU'RE NOT AN ANIMAL.

FOREHEAD, IF I WAS AN ANIMAL, WOULDN'T YOU BE AFRAID TO DISCUSS THIS WITH ME?

YEAH.

SO, LET ME CLEAR SOMETHING UP FOR YOU.

CLANG

I'M AN ANIMAL.

I'M A TOTAL FUCKING MANIAC.

♪♪ AMOR MIO, CARO BENE, ♪♪

RESTROOM

PRIVATE

♪♪ PERCHÉ VAI LONTAN DA ME... ♪♪

I WANT TO GO.

MOM. THERE'S OTHER BATHROOMS IN THE BUILDING.

I WANT TO LEAVE.

WHERE YOU WANNA GO, MA?

I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T LIKE IT HERE.

♪ NEI MOMENTI DI TRISTEZZA, ♪

♪ NEI MOMENTI DI DOLOR... ♪

WHAT IS THIS, NATIONAL EXIT DAY? THERE'S A BEACH ON THE FIFTH FLOOR AND AN OPERA IN THE TOILET. WHERE YOU WANNA GO MA?

I DON'T KNOW.

EVERYTHING'S GOOD, NOW. EVERYTHING'S REAL GOOD.

I LOVE YOU, TONY.

I LOVE YOU, TOO.

COME ON, WHAT NOW?

WHY YOU KILL PEOPLE?

I DON'T, MAMA.

NO, NO NO NO NO NO NO NO ... DON'T LIE, YOU COME FROM INSIDE ME, I KNOW WHEN YOU LIE.

MAMA, I—

-DON'T LIE TO ME!!

ALRIGHT, SO I KILL. I SAVED YOUR LIFE BY KILLING, REMEMBER? I PUT A BULLET THROUGH A COP'S FACE, AND AS A RESULT, MOTHER... HERE YOU ARE. TO LIVE IS TO KILL, SO, STAND UP, AND STOP BEING A HYPOCRITE.

THEN IT'S MY FAULT YOU KILL. YOU KILL FOR ME.

JESUS CHRIST.

SLAP!

HEY!

THAT'S THE LORD'S NAME.

I KNOW, I'M SORRY, MA, BUT, YOU KNOW...

THE LORD DON'T PAY YOUR RENT, SO WATCH WHO YOU SLAP.

♪♪ UN LEGEME- ♪♪

SMAK!

SING.

♪♪ ...UN LEGAME SENZA SPEME PERCHÉ MAI DOVREI AVER... ♪♪

CRACK

CRACK

YOU DONE?

CLICK

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

LET HER GO.

TI RINGRAZIO, CARO BENE
AMOR MIO VITA MIA...

I KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO ME. YOU WIPED MY BRAIN, YOU RAPED MY BODY. YOU FUCKED MY SOUL.

ARE YOU ON THE RAG?

I KEPT FOREHEAD'S CHIP. I KNOW EVERYTHING. I KNOW WHO I WAS. YOU TURNED ME INTO A KILLER.

YEAH? YOU'RE A KILLER, NOW, HUH? PROVE IT.

BLAM

NOOOOO!

DON'T KILL HIM!!!!

♪♪ DOLCEMENTE, CON AMORE, HAI RISPOSTO AL MIO GRIDARE, ♪♪

SNIKT!

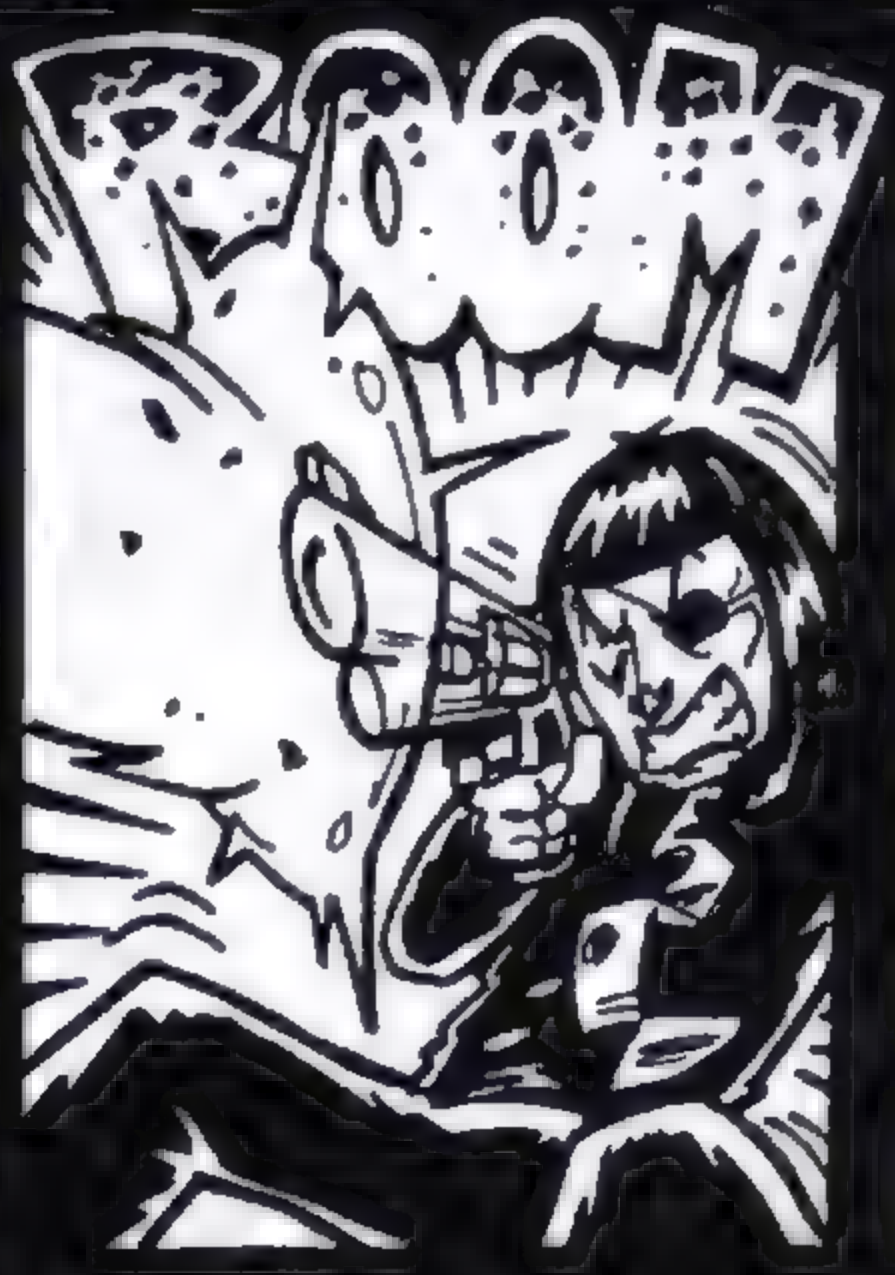
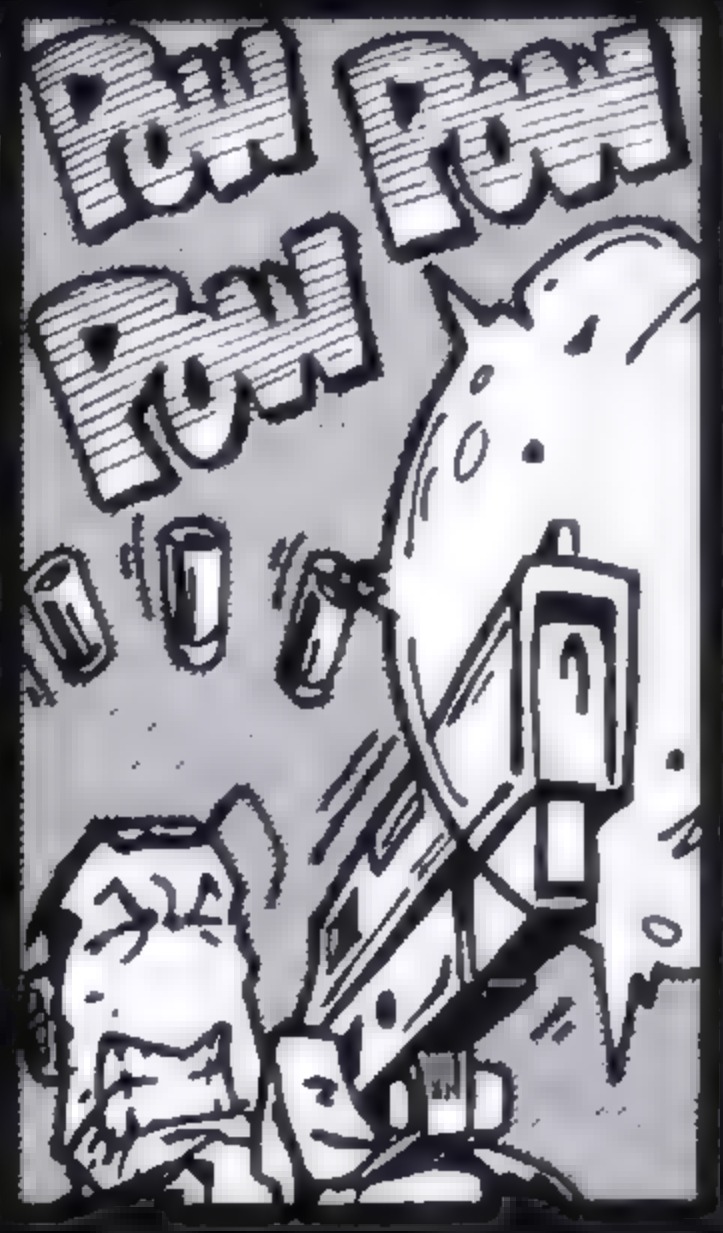
SHWIP

POW!

POW!

POW
WHAM
THUMP!

POW



BAM
BAM

KER KER

BOOM BOOM BOOM

♪♪ PER SEMPRE OGNOR, QUI A ME, T'ATTENDERÒ ♪♪

BITCH.

COCK...

FWUMP!

...SUCKER.

BEEP BEEP

DINO, DOGHOUSE, KENNY, THIS IS GAY DAVE. ALICE AND TONY HAD A SPAT, THEY SHOT EACH OTHER UP PRETTY BAD.

NYPD

THE DOCTORS ARE ON IT,

SO TAKE YOUR TIME.

WHAM

SNAP

THERE'S REALLY NOTHING WE CAN DO. JUST THOUGHT YOU GUYS SHOULD KNOW.

SHEEEEEEE

BACK FROM THE GRAVE-

-WHY ISN'T THAT BITCH DEAD?

SHE WAS EASY ENOUGH TO FIX.

BREAK HER.

SHE'S PREGNANT.

FAX AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW. THE MEDICAL ROBOT TOLD US BEFORE WE SHUT IT DOWN.

WE DIDN'T WANT WORD TO GET OUT.

WHY NOT? THAT'S GREAT NEWS. A LITTLE BABY TONY?

CUT IT OUT OF HER AND DUMP HER IN A DITCH.

IT'S... NOT YOURS. TONY, IT'S NOT YOUR BABY.

FOR AT LEAST A MONTH NOW SOME-ONE HAS BEEN FU-

SLAM

I KNOW HOW BABIES ARE MADE, ASSHOLE. WHO DID IT?

YOU'RE HURTING ME.

WHAM

WE DON'T KNOW, WE DON'T KNOW, BUT WE CAN FIND OUT. DON'T KILL THE MESSENGER.

HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S NOT MINE?

ROUTINE AMNIOTIC SCAN, MISMATCHED DNA. PIN-POINTING THE FATHER WON'T BE HARD. IT HAD TO BE SOMEONE WE KNOW, RIGHT?

SHEET

PD

NYPD

T-SHIRTS BOOKS ETC.

A

back

"Surreality just got funky"

B

C

back

La Cosa Nostroid

LOYALTY. HONOR. ROBOTS.

G

N

D

E

back

ATTENTION!

F

P

H

I

J

K

L

M

O

Q

R

S

T-SHIRTS ARE 100% COTTON

sizes ------► ADULT M, L, XL, XXL(+$1) or YOUTH XL

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FILL THIS OUT!

TOTAL _____

Scud
Tales from the Vending Machine™

Coming in September!

Scuds always get their man. What happens when their "man" happens to be *themselves?* This Disposable Assassin becomes the butt of a prank after he becomes his *own* primary target.

Suicide has never been funnier!

TFTVM MACH 5!

Written by Josh Mason
Illustrated by Jorge Pacheco

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WildBlueZero
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